

A DAVENPORT BOY

Who Could Not See to Read or Work by Artificial Light.

The Result of Cataract Troubles that Began in Early Childhood.

He Experienced Relief from the First Treatment at the Stackhouse Medical Institute and is Now Wholly Restored—Normal Eye Until Jan. 1.

My failing eyesight had given me trouble for a long time before I went to consult Dr. Stackhouse and Daniel. I was told that my eyes were not so bad as I thought, and that I could be restored to normal vision.

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IT WAS A LUCKY SHOT

IT SAVED A ROCKY MOUNTAIN HUNTER'S LIFE FIVE TIMES.

He Took Good Aim, and When a Cat Was Once More Restored He Counted Up Five Dead Bodies—No Wonder He Is Called a Famous Story Teller.

A group of men were sitting on the hotel porch "swapping" yarns. "Some people do not believe in luck, well, I do, and I'll tell you why," said the traveler as he paused and deliberately put his right leg across the knee of his left and glanced pensively down the street.

The group picked up their ears, for the traveler was a famous story teller, and all rightly judged that his remark was but the prelude to the recital of one of his adventures.

"When I was some 15 years younger than I am now," continued the traveler, "I was exceedingly fond of hunting. One fall my boys of this sport led me to take it hunting trip in the Rocky mountains. I was ambitious and wanted to add a grizzly bear skin and a few elk heads to my collection of trophies, and incidentally, if it might be, to let daylight through an Indian or two.

"Well, for two weeks I hunted without getting sight of bear or track of elk, bear or Indian, and the thing was beginning to get monotonous, when one afternoon found me traversing the bottom of a deep canyon. I was alone, my guide having remained in camp on account of a sprained ankle. The bed of the canyon was rent with deep fissures and covered with great rocks, and its sides were steep and craggy. A few stunted shrubs and trees, of the kind the elk feed on, grew along the sides and bottom of the canyon, and I hoped to find some of the animals here cropping the tender twigs. At last, just as I rounded a high point of rock, I caught sight of an elk, a noble fellow, standing some 100 rods up the canyon with his face toward me. He was nosing the air suspiciously, and I feared that I would not get a shot at him unless I was quick about it. Accordingly I threw my rifle to my shoulder, and taking hasty aim at the broad, flat forehead.

"I was totally unprepared for the startling effect of that shot. Almost at the instant my finger pressed the trigger there came a puff of white smoke from behind a rock some 20 rods up on the opposite side of the canyon, and I saw an Indian leap to his feet only to fall back dead, while at the same moment a piercing scream, seemingly coming from directly over my head, caused me to look quickly up. In the instant with great jaws outstretched and long, sharp nails extended, I beheld a mountain lion apparently about to drop on my head. I jumped to one side. As I did so my blood almost froze with horror, for I had jumped directly over a rattlesnake, which now lay not two feet from me, with his head reared ready to strike.

"Before I could make a movement to defend myself from this new danger down upon the snake fell the body of the lion, crushing it to bits. The lion rolled over once or twice and then, to my surprise, lay still. I had not had time to recover from the terror and astonishment caused by these startling incidents when my ears were greeted with a terrific howling, and looking up the canyon I saw the old charging down upon me. I waited about, knowing to seek safety in flight, when, to my utter confusion, not a dozen feet away and directly in the path I met a grizzly bear. I turned myself up on his hind legs and with wide open mouth rushed for me. I was in an awful situation. I could see no possible way of escaping. On the right hand was the perpendicular wall of the canyon and on the left a deep chasm. Before was the grizzly bear and behind the rushing elk. Death faced me whichever way I turned. I trust I may never feel the horror of that moment again. The grizzly bear sprang forward to seize and crush me with his mighty strong arms, and the elk gave a mighty bound, his huge horns lowered ready to transfuse my body.

"At that moment my heart seemed to sink into my boots, and I fell flat upon the ground. With a crash like that of the collision of two locomotives, the animals met over my prostrate form. The terrific momentum of the elk bore himself and the bear over my body. For about five seconds there was a tremendous struggle; then both beasts fell, locked together, to the ground, and in a moment more had expired. One of the sharp prongs of the horns of the elk had pierced the heart of the grizzly, and the elk's neck had been broken by the bear in his death struggle. I bounded to my feet, not knowing whether to run or stand still, so sudden, so terrible and so many had been the dangers which had threatened me. But everything was quiet, and all my foes were dead.

"On investigation I found that my rifle had struck the elk at the base of the horns, where the bone is thick and hard, and after partially stunning him had glanced diagonally across the canyon and pierced the brain of the Indian, who, concealed behind a rock, was about to fire upon me. The shock of the ball had been sufficient to deflect the aim of the Indian enough to cause him to miss me and to pierce the heart of the mountain lion just at the moment he was springing upon me from a cleft in the rocks above my head. The lion landed upon the rattlesnake and crushed the life out of him before he had had time to strike, and the elk and the bear in their eagerness to kill me had destroyed each other.

"I call that a lucky shot, at least for me, because it saved my life five times and was the death of an Indian, a grizzly bear, an elk, a rattlesnake and a mountain lion."

And the traveler deliberately removed the right leg from the knee of the left and glanced upward with the look of a man who is confident that he is a favorite of Providence.—Chicago Tribune.

TO MAKE FARMERS OF THEM.

New York's Poor Boys to Be Trained by the Children's Aid Society.

Mr. Joseph M. White of this city has bought for the Children's Aid society a 125 acre farm. The society purposes here to establish a farm training school for the older boys who come under its charge.

The question of what to do with lads of from 14 to 18 years old has long troubled the society. Many farmers are unwilling to take city boys of that age who have been picked up from the slums and have never had any training. They can do something in the way of correction for the younger boys, but very little when they are more than 14.

It was decided that a farm on which the boys could receive some training in agriculture as well as religious instruction would solve the difficulty. Those boys who proved themselves willing to work and behave themselves could be sent to farmers' homes, while those who showed no disposition to get along could be returned to the city.

A committee of the board of trustees advertised for a suitable farm and soon had about 40 under consideration. One of these, two miles north of Kenosha on the Harlem railroad, seemed the best, but it was beyond the reach of the society, which had only about \$10,000 to spend—half the sum required.

Mrs. White heard of the committee's troubles about three months ago. She offered to buy the farm outright for the society on condition that it would appropriate the \$10,000 it had intended to expend to an endowment fund.

She made one other condition—that the boys on the farm should receive daily religious instruction. The society of course agreed. Mrs. White also added \$10,000 more to the endowment fund. The deed for the farm is now in the society's hands.

The boys will be kept under a firm discipline. It is not expected to keep them on the farm more than a few months each. It is thought in that time it can be determined whether they are worthy to go into private homes.

One or two practical farmers will be on hand to direct the efforts of the boys. The produce raised will be sold in the neighboring villages or sent to this city for sale. It is hoped in this way to keep the expenses of the farm at a minimum.

The society expects to have from 150 to 200 boys there when everything gets into running order.

In the 40 years of its existence the Children's Aid society has found homes on farms for 75,000 homeless boys and girls. It has long desired such a place as that provided by Mrs. White, where it could give the older boys some preliminary training before sending them into the homes of the farmers.—New York Herald.

A BOGUS AMERICAN.

Claimed to Be a Military Medical Examiner, but the Police Nabbed Him.

The police have been earnestly seeking and have just found an impudent swindler, who has been trading, with considerable profit, for some time past upon the good name and sound business credit of the United States legation. He calls himself Dr. Alkin of the Second United States Dragoon guards, and he produced, whenever asked for credentials, which were rarely the case, a gorgeously printed document signed "J. H. Raymond," certifying that the bearer had been appointed "medical officer and military attaché of the American embassy, at a salary of \$250 per annum, terminable by six months' notice on either side."

The second had a uniform as grotesque as that of the doctor of the American Dragoon guards might be expected to be, but clothed in it he managed to captivate the fancy of several respectable ladies.

Alkin was arrested yesterday at the conclusion of a meteoric visit to Bonnamouth. He was received in that pleasant town with distinguished honor, as he passed himself off as an inspecting officer of the royal artillery. Such was his consummate impudence that he actually did inspect the local artillery and afterward the coast guard, highly commending the efficiency of the latter body and promising to forward a favorable report to the admiralty.—New York Sun's London Letter.

A STATE FOR INDIANS.

The recent mad rush into the Indian territory, by which 6,000,000 of acres were in a day covered by a motley crew of settlers, land speculators and adventurers, is but part of a plan which contemplates still greater changes in that region. The sixteenth section of the Indian appropriation bill, approved at the close of last session, provides that the president shall appoint three commissioners to negotiate with the five civilized tribes of the Indian Territory for the extinguishment of Indian or tribal title and to take the necessary steps for its erection into "a state of states." Each of these commissioners is to have a salary of \$5,000 a year and "their reasonable and proper expenses" and shall have a secretary, stenographer and interpreters. Fifty thousand dollars were provided for the expenditures of this commission. The agreements they may make are to be submitted to congress for its ratification.—Washington Special.

Church and Pastor Expelled.

At a meeting of the Greene county (Mo.) Baptist association recently Elder J. M. Carter, as well as the Asa Grove Baptist church, was expelled for heresy. Carter held that the souls of the wicked simply dissolved, and that they met no future punishment. A majority of his congregation voted to sustain him. The association ousted the whole congregation.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

London and Zola.

The following interesting letter appeared last week in the London Times:

To the Editor of The Times: Sir—I observe that M. Zola has had an enthusiastic reception by the lord mayor and temple of London. Not long ago a man was expatriated for publishing M. Zola's works in London. Is this inconsistency or what? I am, Sir, your obedient servant, Isaacson.

FOUND ON THE TRAINS

A MAN WHO FOR FIFTEEN YEARS HAS BEEN PICKING UP THINGS.

A Few Items From the Notebook of Charlie—People Who Forget Portable Property—Umbrellas Head the List of Forgotten Belongings.

Whenever during the daytime a New York, New Haven and Hartford train rolls into the Grand Central depot a stoop-shouldered, little man, with keen, gray eyes and a beard that doesn't grow with sufficient luxuriance to require frequent trimming, strolls down to the end of the platform. When the train stops and while the most haggard of the passengers are still lazily alighting, he hops nimbly on the rear platform of the last car and proceeds to literally "go through" the train. Sometimes a much excited passenger who has suddenly recollected that he has forgotten something rushes madly back into the train and discovers his portable property in the hands of the little man. Then, if he is of a suspicious disposition, he glares and scowls at the little man, and sometimes pounces upon him and indignantly demands to be told what he is doing with "that."

Then a tired look comes into the little man's face and he mildly explains that he is employed by the company to search incoming trains for articles left behind by passengers, which he conveys to the lost property room, where the owners can always get possession of them again by furnishing presumptive evidence that the things belong to them.

When Charlie—that is what the other employees about the depot call him, although he has another name which appears on the payrolls of the company—first began this work, his beard wasn't tinged with gray, and he wasn't a bit stoop-shouldered. That was 15 years ago. All these years, from 6:30 in the morning until 6:30 at night each day, he has been picking up things that careless passengers have forgotten to take with them when they left the train.

It would make any man stoop-shouldered to be continually looking for things that long. But his eyes are as keen as ever, and his honesty is still proof against all temptations. If that were not the case, he could have retired with a snug little capital. From the pocket-books and purses and "wads" that he has found while pursuing his unique occupation he could have slipped enough into his own pocket to render him quite independent.

There are no blanks in his daily record. Never a day goes by that he doesn't find something that somebody has forgotten. He picks up fewer things on Sundays than on any other days, because on Sundays travel is comparatively light, and passengers are apt to be less preoccupied with business cares and therefore not so likely to forget things. On some days his list of articles found on the incoming trains is quite a formidable one.

Take, for instance, is what he turned into the lost property room on Aug. 17: Thirteen umbrellas, two rings (one plain gold and one with diamonds), one overcoat, one package of legal papers, one watch, one lady's jacket, one Derby hat, one valise, one cape, one cane, one package of underwear, one mackintosh and one pocketbook.

And this is what he found on Aug. 27: Seven umbrellas, one parasol, one shawl, one overcoat, one pair of shoes, one package containing a suit of clothes, one pair of spectacles, one purse, one flask of whiskey and one smelling bottle.

When the articles are taken to the lost property room, they are labeled with the date on which they are found and the number of the train. Nearly all the articles that have any intrinsic value are reclaimed. The rest are simply stored away for the gnawing tooth of time to prey upon.

Charlie is of the opinion, and surely he may be regarded as an expert on the subject, that everybody is liable to forget something at some time or other. Umbrellas are the articles that are most frequently left behind on the trains by travelers. The man who could devise an infallible system by which the owner of an umbrella would always be sure to remember it would reap a fortune. Charlie has tried his own wits at it, but was forced to give it up.

He has come to the conclusion that a state of ecstatic happiness, equally with one of intense preoccupation, is apt to produce forgetfulness of portable property. He has discovered that newly married brides and grooms are quite as apt to forget the little things they may be carrying with them as the man who has got so much business on his hands he can't think of anything else. The man who never travels without a flask of whiskey seldom forgets it. Perhaps that is because the act of putting it into his pocket immediately after taking a nip has been so often repeated that it belongs to the category of unconscious cerebration.

It is not an infrequent thing for a man to leave a stovepipe hat on the rack and walk out of the car with a little skull cap on. But when he gets into the streets the small boys are sure to shout, "Shoot the hat!" or "Where did you get that hat?" Then he remembers the mistake that he has made, but the fact that he is never grateful to the small boys for reminding him of it and never rewards them must be regarded as evidence of that perversity inherent in human nature which so often puzzles the philosopher.

Charlie is of the opinion that some people would forget their own mothers-in-law if they had half a chance. There is one man whose umbrella he has picked up in the train so often that he has lost track of the number of times. And yet that same man has told him frequently that he never leaves the house with his umbrella that his wife doesn't say to him, "Now, dear, be sure you don't forget your umbrella."

Women, so Charlie has found, are even more apt to leave things behind them in the cars than men.—New York Herald.

HESS BROS.

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Oysters in bulk and can, received daily direct from Baltimore.

Poultry.

Dressed Turkeys.

Dressed Chickens.

Dressed Ducks.

Dressed Geese.

Fruit.

Oranges, Bananas, Malaga Grapes, Pears and

Choice Eating and Cooking Apples.

Dried Fruit.

Pitted Cherries, Dried Raspberries, Black-

berries, Peared Peaches, Prunells, Prunes, Apricots, Pears, Nectarines, Dates and Figs.

Cheese.

Requefort, Fromage De Bre, Edam, Fromage

Comemert, Club House, Pine Apple, Comemert,

Extra Double Cream, Imported and Domestic

Swiss, Brick, Limburger, Hand Cheese and Sapsago.

Can Goods.

Our Canned Goods Department is the largest

and finest selected in the city.

Fresh Vegetables.

Spinage, Head Lettuce, Oyster Plant, Water

Cress, Parsley, Cauliflower, Radishes.

Pantry Stores.

Lemon and Orange Peel, Citron, Plum Pudding, Vastizza, Cleaned Currants, Salted Haisons

and various other articles in this line that are kept by a first-class grocer.

Fancy Bottled Goods.

Olive, Pickel, Walnuts, Stuffed Olives, French

Peas, String Beans, Lima Beans, Mushrooms, Capers, Succotash, Preserved Strawberries, Preserved Cherries, Preserved Apricots, Preserved Peaches, Mixed Fruit, Pickled Onions, Cauliflower, Imported Vinegars, Cucumber Catsup, Clam Bouillon, Pepper Sauce, and a hundred

other articles in this line which we have not space to mention.

Crackers.

Benton's Water Crackers, Kennedy's Long

Branch Zepherettes, Kennedy's Home-made Ginger Snaps, Lexington Mixed Cakes and Cracknels.

We have also a choice line of fresh candy and nuts for table use. You will save money by buying your groceries from us.

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Lawd, Seaber & Mitchell's

WORLD-RENEWED SHOES.

Finest make of Shoes

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Quality the best for Shoes.

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Both are guaranteed by us.



Are you going To a Ball, Or to Church? To a Wedding, Or a Card Party?

At any of these places

You will want to look Dressed.

You will want to appear as well as

Your neighbors. A man or a woman

with a neatly attired foot is half

dressed. We thought of you when

we laid in our last stock, and we offer

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